

"Stronghold Grip"
(feat. Poison Pen, Swave Sevah)

[ad libs for first 22 seconds]

[*Immortal Technique*]
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen
Swave Sevah motherfucker (get 'em right now!)

I leave government spies and murderers
wrapped in plastic like Dominican furniture
I put the iron in you, like the center of Earth's curvature
And make your block turn into the, border of Serbia
My flow's dirtier than juiced-up players in baseball
And beat you in the head like a sock with an 8-ball
You got Stockholm Syndrome, and that's why I hate y'all
Cause you be biggin up the industry while they rape y'all

[*Poison Pen*]

Yeah, I spaz out (spaz out) and beat the shit out niggaz
You fag out (fag out) and beat the jizz out niggaz
Gloves (check) ski mask (check) duct tape (check)
Get a ducat and lost and recovered and break neck
Bed-Stuy, BestBuy, clique and rush the {?}
Rip up the pavement, throw the whole block on you
Pop up, you gotta get it
Like Ricky in "Boyz N the Hood," stoppin to scratch a lotto ticket

[*Swave Sevah*]

Yo, I feel the sudden surge given me the urge to speak (yo what up?)
Scream somethin that's absurd and disturb the peace (fuck y'all!)
Quick to throw a hot verse to beats
You see the music I'm a prisoner, hip-hop is my work release
I'm not the same Swave you knew, I'm a whole new person
More assertive and aggressive, my attitude worsened
I raise hell on this earth
Your rap is over, you Casanova's gon' end up like Gerald Levert, bitch!

[Chorus: *Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, Swave Sevah*]

[I.T.] Stronghold tighten the grip, on the underground
[P.P.] I fight back-to-back holdin my brothers down
[S.S.] You done started, with the wrong motherfucker now
[I.T.] Married to the cause and we loyal, we don't fuck around
[P.P.] Stronghold overthrow the whole fuckin underground
[I.T.] Secretly run, by commercial motherfuckers now
[S.S.] So while you little step-and-fetch niggaz run around
[all] Controlled demolition, we bringin the structure down!

[*Immortal Technique*]

Immortal Technique nigga, I'm the type to flip
Cause me and my dogs fight to the death like Michael Vick's

And I don't hit women so I'm not gonna mangle your wiz
A prostitute with an AIDS race'll handle the biz

[Poison Pen]

Hit the block with a pen and glock, a ox and rocks, a devil spray
If that's a K, play yo' punk-ass infected with leprosy
Leave you half-murdered beyond, recognition beat and indecent
Leave you with your plastic surgeon for a remix

[Swave Sevah]

Yo, aiyyo I'm hard-bodied with it
And these scars, contusions, concussions, fractures
and pains you suffer from; I probably did it
You ain't worth spit, I put a hit out on your mother
Then fuck up you and your four brothers

[Immortal Technique]

You play Scarface when a microphone's in the room
But you more like Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon"

[Poison Pen]

ASCAP clappin 'em, all this rap traps
Snatch that diamonds off your neck, worth 50 dead Africans

[Swave Sevah]

Yo, this dude is truly a joke
That stuff got you feelin tough, must be sniffin +Peruvian Coke+

[I.T.] We spit Cold War syndrome, it shatters the bones

[P.P.] Spray my dependance on your bitch face when it splatters you on

[S.S.] Thrown in submission holds and choked 'til you tap out

[I.T.] And shut down your party like Whitney Houston's crackhouse

[P.P.] Stronghold, live and direct up in your set

[S.S.] The habitual line steppers - Swave, Pen and Tech

[Chorus]

[ad libs to the end]